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FAITH TRIUMPHANT, 4

EXEMPLIFIED

In the DEATH of Mrs. T—,

She died MONDAY the 29th of April 1771,

OF A CHILD-BED FEVER, EIGHT DAYS
AFTER HER DELIVERY OF HER
TWELFTH CHILD.

AGED THIRTY-SEVEN.

To which is added, H. T. 2

THE CONSOLATION;

OR

VERSES ON THAT AFFECTING EVENT,

Addressed to the BEREAVED HUSBAND:

BY

The Rev. THOMAS GIBBONS, D.D.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

PSAL. lxvi. 16. Come and hear, all ye that fear God,
and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXIII.

Price 4d. or 3s. 6d. per Dozen.

PAATH TRIMPHANT

EXHIBITION

In the DEATH of Mrs. T.

She died Monday the 20th of April 1871.

OF A CHILD-BED FEVER EIGHT DAYS
AFTER THE DELIVERY OF HER
THIRD CHILD.

AGED THIRTY SEVEN.

THE CONSOLATION



The Rev. THOMAS CIBBONS, D.D.

THE FORTH EDITION

Post, pray for Gomer and bear, as ye the son Gomer,
and I will declare when He hath done for my soul.

LONDON

Printed in the Year MDCCCLXXIII.

Price 4s. or 2s. 6d. per Dozen.

TO MY BELOVED
CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

TH E applications I have had from so many of you to write out copies of my dear deceased wife's Death-bed Sayings, soon convinced me of the impossibility of my being able to gratify your desire: I therefore resolved, some time ago, to cause print a number of them for your use. I hope you will excuse its not being done sooner, which was occasioned, partly by the nature of the subject, and partly by a multiplicity of business.

HAD I intended the following pages for the eye of the public, it would have been proper to have given some further account of the amiable Author;

but to you, who had access to know her, this is unnecessary.

WHAT was said of one of distinguished literary merit, "That, while he lived, none but his few select friends knew he was a first-rate poet," may be now properly said of her as a Christian: for while others, like the shallow brook, are more noisy, she, like the deep river, went silently on in her course, though making much greater progress in the way to heaven. It is no wonder then that her latter end should so remarkably increase. This, I know well, is not the privilege of all Christians when they are about to leave the world. The Lord, for wise and gracious purposes unknown to us, has oftentimes suffered the sun of his people to set in a cloud. Nevertheless the uncommon attainments of those on that important occasion, who were distinguished in their lives for humility, self-denial, close walking with God, and depend-
ance

ance on the grace of Christ, should encourage survivors to study to follow their example, as the best means of obtaining, through the blessed Mediator, in the views of death, the smiles of their covenant God, and the joyful hope of a glorious immortality.

THAT your perusal of the following pages may, through the blessing of God, answer these valuable ends, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate and

ready servant for Christ's sake,

Portland-street, Mary-le-bone,
Sept. 25th, 1771.

J. T.

P. S. The eloquent pen, and the still more amiable disposition, of my worthy and learned Friend the Reverend Dr. GIBBONS, have enabled me to present the Reader with the

excellent verses at the close of this piece; which, I hope, will afford to others, in like circumstances, the same satisfaction they have given to me.

obtained, in the view of death, the limits of their covenant God, and the joyful hope of a glorious immortality.

THAT your period of the following passage, through the blessing of God, and your dear friends, is the last of your life.

Your affectionate and ever faithful friend,
 J. T. J.

J. T. J.

3. The covenant God, and the still more amiable disposition of my worthy and beloved Friend the Reverend Dr. Gurnow, have enabled me to present the Reader with the

HTIAF

I am to die, but the great work is done many

in my M. I am to die, but the great work is done many

FAITH TRIUMPHANT, &c.

When I was brought into the world, I found every thing agreeable to my will. The continuance of such

SEVERAL months before she died, she had impressions of death, and impressions of her dying in child-birth, or soon after. Upon her being asked one day by her husband, what made her entertain such apprehensions; she said, "She felt a fixed pain in her left side, which she never had with any of her other children, and was sure it was a dangerous symptom, and would end in her death."

THE third day after her delivery, 24th April, she said to Mrs. D—n and her husband, "I am dying, but none of you are sensible of it. I desire, my dear, you will call two hospital physicians; not that I think they can save my life, but to save you all ground of reflection after I am gone."

On Saturday before she died, she spoke with great composure. "I now see plainly I am

I am to die; but the great work is done many years ago: I know in whom I have believed, and I am not afraid of Death. My plan of earthly happiness is indeed broke through. I longed to get back to my native country, and when Providence brought me and my family here, I found every thing agreeable to my wishes. The continuance of such comfort was the only thing left for me to desire, and now that my Father in heaven sees it meet to take me from all, I dare not, I cannot repine, but rather believe and say, **ALL IS WELL.**"

ABOUT two o'clock on Sabbath morning, the 28th April, she said to Mrs. D—n, she had not long to live, and desired her to call her husband. This Mrs. D—n objected to at that early hour, thinking it a pity to call him up, as he was but just gone to rest, and told her she was no worse than she had been for some days past. Nothing however could satisfy her till she saw him; and Mrs. D—n called him up. When he went to the bed-side, she eagerly grasped his hand, complained her spirits were discomposed at being denied seeing him (whom she

she called) her chiefest earthly comfort: said, "She had not long to live, and hoped he would not leave her while she had breath left." He asked her if she had taken any thing lately: to which she answered, "I could take nothing, and I could not be easy till I saw you: I will now take any thing from your own hand you please, and let us spend the short remaining space of our being together, in a way that will be most edifying to us both. I am sorry, my dear, I was obliged to call you up. I know you cannot do without rest," &c.

Not long after, she was seized with a kind of convulsion fit, in which she lay about half an hour. Her coming out of it first appeared by her lips beginning to move, and then she spoke like one in a dream; "I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming." In a little she revived, and appeared quite sensible and composed. She looked at her husband and said, "My dear, I have been at a festival." "A festival!" answered he, "My dearest, what do you mean?" "Yes," replied she, "a festival, a most glorious festival, in company with the most noble personages

10 FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

sonages that mortal eyes ever beheld. Indeed, my dear, I cannot describe their glorious forms. I was present at the coronation of the king and queen, and saw there all the glory of man; but the king and queen in their coronation-robcs, with their brilliant diadems, were not to be compared with them. One said, 'Sister, come away.' Another said, 'Sister, come away.' A third said, 'Sister, come away.' And every one of them beckoned me and said, 'Come, come away.' Upon which I answered, 'I'm coming, I'm coming, coming, coming.' Don't you see them? There stands one of them just behind you, my dear; and at the opening of the curtain at the back of the bed, near Mrs. D—n, I yet see a stream of that inexpressibly beautiful rainbow-light which attended another, who is disappeared. The finest colours of the painter can give you no idea of it. O! who would wish to tarry behind?"

SHE lay still for a little, as if employed in silent holy admiration, and then began; "For some days past I have had many a hard struggle at the thoughts of leaving so many

FAITH TRIUMPHANT. II

many dear, very dear, earthly connections. I loved my husband, I loved my children, I loved my house, I loved my dear old and new friends in this place; and if it had been the will of my heavenly Father, I would have been glad to have enjoyed some years comfort longer with them in the body, and seen my children more advanced in life; but this I no longer wish for, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. To be with Christ, who is the brightness of his Father's glory and the express image of his person; who is infinitely fairer than the sons of men or of angels: in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore: who is gone to prepare a place for his people, and who will come again to receive them to Himself, (according to his blessed word) that where He is, there they may be also to behold his glory. Then, O then, I shall sing without weariness and without fainting, the song of the redeemed above: ¶ Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto

unto God, even the Father: to Him be
glory for ever and ever. In whom we
have redemption through his blood, the
forgiveness of sins, according to the
riches of his grace. Then shall I know
the meaning, the full meaning, of that
sweet passage of Scripture, 'These are they
who have come out of great tribula-
tion, and whose robes are washed and
made white in the blood of the Lamb:
therefore are they before the throne:
therefore are they before the throne! They
shall hunger no more, neither thirst any
more, neither shall the sun light on them,
nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the
midst of the throne shall feed them, and
shall lead them unto fountains of waters,
and God shall wipe away all tears from their
eyes: and there shall be no more death,
neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there
be any more pain: nor any more sin: nor
any more sin! O blessed thought! for the
former things are passed away. Surely,
surely, when He who is my life shall appear,
then shall I also appear with Him in glory:
yea, though I have been a poor, sinful, ill-
deserving

FAITH TRIUMPHANT. 113

deserving and hell-deserving creature, I shall appear with Him in glory; for I am complete in Him: He hath loved me with an everlasting love, and clothed me with the long and wide robe of his righteousness, his blessed righteousness. Through Him I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.

“OFTEN, too often, have I been silent in his praise. My harp many times hung upon the willows while I sojourned in the wilderness; but I am now almost done with all these clogs of this body of death. I am a-going to a place where the chief employment of the inhabitants is praise; where the king's daughters shall be introduced with gladness and rejoicing; where there shall not be a mistuned voice or a wandering heart. Come, let me try as I can, while I am on this side Jordan, to sing an hymn to the honour of Jesus.”

HERE she began, and sweetly sung two hymns. The first was the 76th of the first Book of Dr. Watts's Hymns.

B

When

74 FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

When strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where He is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love Him too.

My Best-beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But He descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are:
No chariot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

O may my spirit now arise
On wings of faith above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

THE

FAITH TRIUMPHANT. 15

THE second hymn she sung, was that of
Mr. Grant's in Edinburgh, entitled, THE
SUPPOSED SONG OF A SOUL JUST ENTERED
HEAVEN.

Why was unbelieving I,
Trembling, so afraid to die?
Now my feet in safety stand,
Here within the promis'd land.
Hallelujah.

O what wond'rous grace is here!
Now I'm safe from ev'ry fear;
Sin and doubts are ever gone,
Sighing shall no more be known.
Hallelujah.

Henceforth neither grief nor pain,
Here successive pleasures reign;
All things our hosannahs raise.
O the glories of this place!
Hallelujah.

O ye perfect happy ones,
Let me try to join your tunes!
Come let us exalt the Lamb,
Singing ever to his name.
Hallelujah.

16 FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

He our full redemption wrought,
He for us this glory bought:
From the earth He calls us home,
To our Father's house we're come.

Hallelujah.

Oft in Kedar's tents I try'd;
When his lovely face was hid,
With my friends to raise this song;
But it languish'd on my tongue.

Hallelujah.

Jesus now unveils his face;
Here I shout of sov'reign grace;
Fill'd with love incessant cry
To his praise in raptures high,

Hallelujah.

O my drooping friends below,
Did you half this glory know,
Daily would ye stretch the wing,
Here to fly and thus to sing,

Hallelujah.

WHEN she had done, she said, "O what
a poor feeble attempt is this! Well may
it be called only lisping out the praise of my
God and Redeemer; but when I get yon-
der, I shall sing with the best of them,

or I shall at least try to do it: for sure I am, there is not one there that has better reason to sing his praise than I have. I and all the ransomed of the Lord shall return with Him, from judgment to the Zion above, with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads, and sorrow and sighing shall fly away for ever and ever. Amen."

It is remarkable, that while she was thus speaking and singing, she appeared as she used to do when in perfect health, tho' with greater vivacity. Her countenance glowed, her eyes sparkled, and her voice was strong. Her husband and Mrs. D—n were affected with such heavenly exercises, in a way they cannot describe. They listened all the while as if they had been sitting at the feet of an angel, or some of the just made perfect, speaking the language of the new Jerusalem; and wished they had had, with her, so near a prospect of being done with the world and entering into the joy of their Lord.

At another time she said to her husband: "My dear, we must now part. Many comfortable days we have had together. Few

are acquainted with the happiness we enjoyed in each other's company. I loved you, and was in danger of giving you too much place in my heart. I know too you loved me, and have been all along a most indulgent husband to me; but you are now no longer mine. Do, therefore, kneel down and resign me cheerfully up to Him from whom you received me. I have been endeavouring to resign you." Her husband prayed.

SOME time after she said to him: "I know, my dear, God will take care of you; I have therefore no anxiety about you: but O! my children, my dear children, what will become of my poor motherless children?" Her husband answered, "My dearest, do not give yourself so much uneasiness about the children: the God whom you serve, who has led you and fed you all your days, into whose hands we have often together committed them, will care for them; and besides, you know I have the heart of a father, and love my children as parts of myself." She said, "I trust and believe God will take care of them; but O! my dear,
be

be tender of them, and particularly of my dear sweet Betsy; and " &c.

ABOUT one o'clock, some gentlewomen belonging to the church came in to see her: " You are come (said she) to see your minister's wife a-dying. I have frequently had sweet spiritual converse with you; you know I have, and I trust it was not in vain to our souls. Be kind to your minister when I am gone: I hope you will. He has been a loving husband to me, and he will, I doubt not, be more and more a faithful pastor among you. Some of you too are blessed with good husbands, that fear the Lord: O be sensible of, and thankful for the privilege. They are your valuable companions in life, partners of all your joys and sorrows; but what is best of all, they are your spiritual counsellors, and will strengthen your hands in the work of the Lord."

AFTER pausing a little she said: " O the love of Christ which passeth knowledge! and what am I that I should ever have been a partaker of it? Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name, O Lord, be the glory. I did love the Lord Jesus, and
many

many delightful hours of fellowship I have had with Him in his blessed ordinances: but all these I have now done with. Fare-wel ordinances."

HERE again she paused a little, and then began: "Tho' I am young, at least younger than some of you, yet you see I must die; and dying-work is hard work, dying-work is hard work." Her husband answered, "My dearest, the Lord's presence will make it easy work." "O! were it not for that (replied she) death and dying would be terrible indeed. He is faithful, He is faithful, and why shall I doubt his being with me when I am walking through the dark valley of the shadow of death! and, O! when I get to the other side, I shall soon forget all that's past."

AGAIN she was seized with a convulsion fit, and when she recovered a little, she continued her edifying discourse, as if she had been only all the while recollecting herself, viz. "O Heaven, Heaven, what a blessed place will it be! What is all the grandeur of this world when compared with the glories of the mount Zion above! and how much

much more excellent than this world of sin, and pain, and sorrow!—No hypocrite there; no tempting devil there; no gay, flattering, delusive vanity there; no unbelieving wandering heart there; no weariness of worship there; no spots, no imperfection there. There I shall see my God and Redeemer face to face: there I shall enjoy in perfection the uninterrupted comforts of the great Comforter: there I shall know the true meaning of that blessed passage of Scripture; ‘We are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel.’ There I shall meet with the great number of my dear Christian friends that are gone before: there I shall meet my beloved father and mother, and brothers: there I shall meet my dear dear sister. Surely she will be glad to see me.

Me-

22 FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

Methinks I see her yonder coming to meet me on Emmanuel's shore, ready to give me the welcome. And there, my dear husband, I hope by and by to meet you, with all the amiable children God has given us. We shall live and we shall sing praise together, never never to be parted more. Fly, moments fly! Come Lord Jesus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God. But I cannot come, I cannot come." Here she stretched out her arms like a bird on the wing ready to mount into the air, and again said with great emotion, "I cannot come. I feel my fettered soul as it were knocking against my breast; but it cannot escape from this prison: it must wait the appointed hour. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God."

AFTER these gentlewomen were gone, she lay quiet for some time, and having taken a little refreshment spoke: "The Lord gave me early impressions of religion; and, I bless his name, He drew me to Himself, by the cords of love, before the vanities of life began to tempt me. The

read-

reading of Mrs. Houseman's Life was the means of my being first awakened; and by a blessed variety of ordinances and providences He hath hitherto carried on the good work in my soul. I remember when I was very young, with what pleasure I used to sit with my mother, and hear her speak upon religion. She made me get by heart many of Dr. Watts's sweet Hymns, which were then, and have been often often since refreshing to my soul. And with what sacred pleasure have I many times feasted on the heavenly manna, when attending the ordinances, both under the worthy Dr. Guyse, and your ministrations, my dear husband?"

HERE she was interrupted with another convulsion fit; and when she came out of it she proceeded: "O the dear congregation of Swallow-street! I loved that dear people. Many times I have taken sweet counsel together with them in the house of the Lord; and sometimes, when I have been sitting with them at the communion-table, my heart was so full of the love of Christ, that it was with difficulty I could sit upon my seat, or contain myself from speaking aloud, what I felt,
what

24 FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

what I saw, what I handled, and what I tasted of the Word of life. But these were only foretastes of the entertainment of heaven; a rill issuing from the fountain of life in the paradise of God. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

SHE then said to her husband, "Do, my dear, help me to repeat that poem you know I always liked, THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY." He repeated the first line, and she said, "O ay!" and began herself.

I.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, Oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!

Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O grave! where is thy victory?

O death! where is thy sting?

When she had done, she said, "What excellent verses are these! They are indeed admirably suited to one in my circumstances. Every sentence is the language of my heart and experience."

AFTER lying composed for some time, she said, "Surely the Lord doth all things well. I remember I used to repine at the death of some of my children, and think God dealt hardly by me; but now I know assuredly, that He doth all things well, and orders all things wisely and graciously for his people. Out of these eaters He hath brought forth meat to my soul, and out of these strong ones sweetness."

ONE time when she fainted, her husband held a bottle of hartshorn drops to her nostrils, and she soon came out of it. When

26 FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

she was able to speak, she said, "My dear, I thank you for this and all your kindness; but it won't do, it won't do, and you might save yourself the trouble; for all you can do, I am sensible, cannot keep off death one moment, and that moment is at no great distance from me.— You may have yet many years to live in the world, and, I hope, you will find them years of comfort; but I must leave you, and the places which once knew me shall know me no more: but though I am gone, I am not lost; though I am parted from you, it is only for a season: He will raise it up at the last day, and we shall be for ever with the Lord."

WHEN her husband was speaking of the privileges of the Christian Sabbath in this land of gospel-light and liberty: "Ay, (said she) I remember this-day-fortnight, when you was preparing to go out to meeting. I regretted that I could not go along with you, once more, to eat bread with you and the dear people in Swallow-street, in the temple below; but, blessed be his name, I was not altogether disappointed. You hap-

happened, or rather you was providentially directed, to leave a little book * upon your table, in which I met with something that was truly refreshing to my soul. By that the Lord made up to me the want of the communion I so much longed for at his own table, and I trust, yea I know, it was a fore-taste of that infinitely more desirable communion I shall by and by enjoy within the veil, at that table which shall never be drawn."

SHE called for the young child, and when it was brought to her, she looked at it tenderly, and said, "Poor dear little creature! you are not made for this world. Perhaps you may die at the same time with myself; if not, you will not survive me long †."

To her two eldest sons (the one sixteen and the other fifteen years of age) she said: "You are going to lose your mother. O seek the Lord while you are young. You will never repent it. I sought Him while I was of your age, and I bless his name for it now. Beware of the follies of this

* Dr. Grosvenor's Advice to Mourners.

† The dear infant, though then in health, only survived the mother eight days.

giddy age, and beware of bad company in this wicked place. Let me beseech you not to go to plays and such places, those dangerous traps of poor, inconsiderate, unexperienced youth. Follow the advice and example of your worthy father, and I trust you shall be growing comforts to him."

When she saw her daughter, (about eight years of age) "O my Betsy! (did she say with great emotion) my dear Betsy, my sweet creature!" She wanted to say something to her; but she was too much affected to utter a word. Silent tears flowed from her eyes, and she fell into another convulsion-fit, which lasted some time.

AFTER recovering from a strong convulsion-fit, she said: "Oh! this poor afflicted body! in a little I shall be delivered from it and all its incumbrances. Soon, soon it must drop into the grave, and there (blessed be God) it will be refined. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown a natural, it is raised a spiritual body. For I know that my Redeemer liveth

liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me. And my Lord (glory be to his name) will change this vile body, and fashion it like unto his own glorious body. He will, He will; and make even this vile body shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of his Father. O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

BEING desired to compose herself to rest: "Rest! no, (said she) do not desire me, my dear. How can I sleep when I see death and glory so near? O! death, how serious a thing; how awful! Nature shrinks at the prospect of the cup. Serious and awful indeed, to appear before an infinitely holy jealous God: But yet a faith's view of my Lord and his most perfect righteousness, brightens the scene, and dispels all my fears. Oh! glory how delightful, even in contemplation! Death is but a bridge, a step, when I look at the land of glory on

C 2

the

the other side. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; make no long tarrying, O my God."

Not long after, she fell into a swoon, and her husband, apprehensive she was not far from death, kneeled down and began to pray. He had not spoken many sentences, when his well-known voice in that duty, roused her from the fit; she caught the words from his lips, and prayed along with him. When he had done, she said: "My dear, it was cruel, it was cruel; I was just entering the threshold of glory, and you have prayed me back to life."

For three hours before she died she spoke little; but what words she dropped, breathed the same heavenly temper with the above; and, after lying sweetly composed for some time, she slept in Jesus, about half an hour after one o'clock on Monday morning the 29th of April, 1771, with a smile upon her countenance.

At her own desire she was buried in her father's grave in Bunhill-fields, the Friday after. The following epitaph by Dr. Warts she was peculiarly fond of, and used to repeat

peat with great pleasure. To none could
it be more applicable than to herself.

A soul prepar'd needs no delays;
The summons come, the saint obeys:
Swift was her flight, and short the road,
She clos'd her eyes, and saw her God.
The flesh rests here, till Jesus come,
And claims the treasure from the tomb.

Thus lived and thus died one of the most
amiable of her sex, in person, mind, and
manners; and her death, it is hoped, will be
a living sermon to all, into whose hands
these pages shall come.

Faint Title

...with great ... To ...
... more ...

A ... needs no ...
The ... come the ...
Swift was ...
The ...
And ...

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THE
CONSOLATION;
OR

VERSES on the AFFECTING EVENT
of Mrs. T——'s death.

Addressed to the BEREAVED HUSBAND.

I.
TOUCH'D with a tender sympathy of grief
For the sharp stroke my Brother has sustain'd,
Fain would the muse administer relief,
And ease the breast with throbbing anguish pain'd.

II.
Revolve not o'er the happy days and years
You with your amiable Comfort spent,
To nourish thence your ever-streaming tears,
And thence with unavailing woes lament.

III.
Say rather, What thanksgivings shall I raise
To Heav'n, who such a precious boon bestow'd,
So long to travel with me through the maze
Of life, so long to smooth the rugged road?

IV.

IV.

We are but pilgrims through a gloomy waste,
 And, if kind Heav'n has bright'ned half the way,
 Let praises crown its love for favours past,
 And trust its grace for ev'ry future day.

V.

Not only, my dear Friend, be reconcil'd
 To the bereaving pleasure of your God,
 But, of your fairest earthly blis' despoil'd,
 See how the honey trickles from the rod!

VI.

Has not your Partner dropt her veil of clay,
 And mounted to th' empyreal seats above,
 There in the visions of eternal day
 To enjoy her God, and triumph in his love?

VII.

Has she not left a shining track behind,
 To guide your progress to the realms on high?
 Think of the graces that adorn'd her mind,
 And from her pattern learn to live, and die.

VIII.

You by her death one bond to earth dismiss,
 The strongest bond that ever held your soul,
 And gain as strong a tie t' immortal blis':

O thither let your pure affections roll!

IX.

IX.

Oft let your faith turn back the veil, and see
 The joys and splendors of the heav'nly state;
 Think in what glory, what felicity,
 Shines and exults your heav'n-ascended Mate.

X.

Methinks I hear her from her bright abode
 Thus to your grief in pious accents speak:
 "Stay not for me, fond Man, the work of God,
 "Nor for my sake life's even tenor break:

XI.

"But for a few short days, or years at most,
 "I've pass'd before you to the promis'd rest:
 "Soon shall your spirit reach the happy coast,
 "And be with me of boundless bliss possest.

XII.

"Train up for God the children of our vows,
 "And take the father's and the mother's place;
 "Still still a second *Bethel* be your house,
 "Fill'd with the incense of your pray'rs and praise,

XIII.

"Live while you live, ply well your work divine,
 "Think not too much for souls can e'er be done;
 "In ev'ry grace in ev'ry virtue shine,
 "And seize the golden moments as they run.

XIV.

XIV.

" Each day anticipate the promis'd skies,
 " Each day your ruffled pinions smooth for flight;
 " Start not from death; 'tis but to close your eyes,
 " And wake to raptures in the worlds of light.

XV.

" Then shall your Mate, whose absence wounds
 your mind,
 " Meet your ascent, and hail you to your home,
 " Sorrow and death for ever left behind,
 " And all unbounded happiness to come.

XVI.

" Meantime farewell.—If creature-comforts die,
 " God your eternal Sun can never fail;
 " His presence fills the glorious realms on high,
 " And shines propitious down your dusky vale."



FINIS.